

I sat at my desk, absentmindedly twirling a pen between my fingers as I reviewed the lecture notes for tomorrow. The campus was quiet now, the kind of silence that settles after a busy day, leaving only the distant hum of the city beyond. The sun had dipped below the horizon, casting a warm glow through the windows of my office. I should have gone home by now, but my thoughts were restless, drifting towards a certain student who had been occupying my mind more than I cared to admit.



Mei had been in my class for a few weeks now, a transfer student from China. The same country I was from. At first, she was shy, barely speaking above a whisper when called upon. I remember the first time she had walked into my lecture hall, her petite frame almost lost in the oversized hoodie she wore. She seemed so delicate, so unsure, that I found myself wanting to reach out to her, to make her feel welcome. I remembered how I also was very shy and insecure when I first came from China to the USA.

But things had changed.



Mei had found a circle of friends, and with them came a transformation. It was subtle at first—her wardrobe shifted from loose, comfortable clothes to something more stylish. I realized that she looked just like a young pornstar Lulu Chu. Her confidence blossomed, and with it, a new energy that radiated from her. She had started dating one of the football players, a towering muscular white quarterback who seemed to bring out a side of her I hadn't seen before. He was all smiles and charm, and together, they were an unexpected but striking pair.





But it was more than just her newfound confidence that caught my attention. Mei had begun to seek me out after class, her questions lingering on topics far beyond the course material. She would smile in a way that made my heart skip a beat, her eyes lingering just a moment too long. I'd catch her glancing at me and I couldn't deny the pull I felt. I had only dated boys before but it was always something exciting in someone flirting with you, even if it was a girl or student.

Some background about me. I moved to the USA 10 years ago to work as a Chinese professor with a minor in ethics studies here at UCLA. I was shy at first and had trouble finding the English words but I noticed many white men looking at me with big smiles I guess because I had the typical Asian petite body but with a much larger pair of tits than most girls my age.

It was my first boyfriend Andrew who snatched me up first and gave me my English name: Asa. Only many months later we were no longer together and I had started using the name in official work situations that I found that he chose the name Asa from an Asian pornstar that looked very similar to me. To this day no one has commented on my name but I see many react, especially men when I say my name Asa.

My first boyfriend also encouraged me to be more confident and dress more feminine. I now every day wear high heels, skirts or dresses. He also used my credit card to replace all my underwear drawer with skimpy thongs and gstrings that I now think is a fun exciting secret to wear when I teach my students.





Today, Mei had lingered again, waiting until the last student had filed out before approaching me. She was dressed in a short flared skirt, a pink top with thigh high socks leaving her midriff and tights naked. I gasped as she walked closer when I saw that she had decided not to wear a bra and I could clearly see her nipples and tits in the very thin pink top. I had to use all my willpower to look at her face and not pretty chest.

Her long Asian hair that she had colored into blonde highlights flowing over her shoulders, with heels that accentuated her petite figure and blushing face. Her boyfriend had walked her to the door but hadn't followed her inside, instead giving her behind a spanking and gentle push forward, a grin on his face that I couldn't quite decipher.



"Professor, do you have a moment?" Mei's voice was soft, almost hesitant, as she stepped closer to my desk.

“Of course, Mei. What’s on your mind?” I tried to keep my tone professional, but my pulse quickened as she drew near close enough for me to smell her sweet strawberry perfume.

She leaned against the desk, her fingers tracing the edge of a book, her eyes never leaving mine. “I’ve been thinking a lot lately... about things I haven’t really considered before.”

I swallowed, unsure where this was leading, but unable to look away. “Such as?”

She hesitated, then smiled—a smile that was both innocent and knowing. “How much I admire you.”

My breath caught in my throat, the room suddenly feeling much smaller. “Mei, I—”

Before I could finish, she leaned in, her lips brushing against mine in a kiss that was soft yet electric. It was over in a heartbeat, but it left me breathless, my mind spinning.

When she pulled back just a little with her cute round face just in front of mine, there was a blush on her cheeks, but her eyes were steady, full of a confidence that made my heart ache. I knew I should say something, but the words wouldn’t come. All I could think about was the warmth of her lips, the softness of her skin. I leaned forward returning the kiss.

It was then that I noticed movement at the door. I glanced up and saw her boyfriend standing there, his phone taking a photo of us, a small smile playing on his lips. He didn’t seem angry, didn’t seem surprised. If anything, there was an understanding in his eyes that unsettled me, as if he knew something I didn’t.

I looked back at Mei, and she simply smiled, a secret lingering in that expression.



“What just happened?” I finally managed to ask, my voice barely above a whisper.

“That,” Mei said softly, “is something we’ll need to talk about.” her boyfriend Jason walked forward.

“Everyone gets excited about something. My girl Mei here gets off being submissive and being told what to do. How about you professor?”

“H- humiliation and taboo” I stammered before I even realized what I just had said. “Excellent” was the only response from my young student couple.

The kiss with Mei lingered in my thoughts long after she left my office. I tried to shake off the sensation, the way her lips had felt against mine, but it was impossible. I had never considered myself anything other than straight, but the emotions stirring inside me were undeniable. And then there was her boyfriend—the way he had looked at us, not with jealousy, but with a knowing smile that hinted at something more.

The next day, I found myself even more distracted during my lectures. My mind kept replaying the moment, wondering what Mei meant by “something we’ll need to talk about.” I didn’t have to wait long to find out.

As I packed up my things after my last class, Mei and her boyfriend appeared in the doorway. Mei’s usual shyness was gone, replaced by a confident glow that made her seem even more alluring. The quarterback, Jason, towered beside her, his broad shoulders and easy smile giving him a magnetic presence.

“Professor, could we have a word?” Mei asked, her voice carrying that same soft confidence from the day before.

I nodded, trying to keep my composure. “Of course. What can I help you with?”

Jason stepped forward, his gaze warm and inviting. “I think we should continue where you and Mei left off yesterday.” He was wearing a compression shirt showing off his huge muscular arms.

My heart skipped a beat. “I’m not sure I understand...”

Mei stepped closer, her hand resting lightly on Jason’s arm. “What we’re trying to say is... we’d like to explore this—together. If you’re open to it.”

I blinked, my pulse racing as their words sunk in. The idea of kissing Mei again was tempting, but the thought of Jason being involved, too, was something I hadn’t expected. And yet, the way they were looking at me, the warmth and curiosity in their eyes, made it impossible to say no.

Before I could fully process what I was doing, I found myself nodding. “I... I think I’d like that.”

Jason smiled, stepping even closer. “I promise, Professor, we’ll take things slow. We just want to see where this could go.” He paused, his gaze locking with mine. “May I?”

I felt a flutter of nervousness in my stomach but nodded again, my breath catching in my throat. Jason leaned in, his hand gently cupping my cheek as his lips met mine. The kiss was different from Mei’s—stronger, more assertive, but still tender. I felt a spark ignite within me, the tension I hadn’t realized I’d been holding onto melting away.

When we finally pulled apart, I was breathless, my heart pounding in my chest. Jason’s eyes searched mine, as if looking for any sign of regret or hesitation. But all I felt was a surprising sense of excitement.

Mei, who had been watching with a soft smile, stepped forward, slipping her hand into mine. “We were thinking... if you’re up for it, we could spend the weekend together. There’s a cabin, secluded and peaceful. Just the three of us.”

The suggestion was bold, something I never would have imagined myself considering. But as I looked at them—at Mei's gentle smile and Jason's warm, reassuring gaze—I felt a sense of adventure I hadn't felt in years.

"Alright," I said, my voice steady despite the whirlwind of emotions inside me. "Let's do it."

Mei's smile widened, and Jason grinned, a look of excitement crossing his face. "You won't regret this, Professor. It'll be a weekend to remember." He still had his strong hands behind my head. "Now open your mouth. Mei come here and spit in your professor's mouth. Just do it." Jason pulled my head back and I instinctually opened my mouth. As Mei spat I could feel her warm saliva dripping down my dry throat.

As they left my office, with Jason's hand on Mei's behind, I couldn't help but wonder what I was getting myself into. But the thrill of the unknown, the chance to explore something new and exciting, was impossible to resist. I wiped my sticky face with the back of my hand, incredibly excited.

The morning sunlight streamed through the tall windows of the lecture hall, casting a warm glow across the room. The air buzzed with the usual mix of chatter and rustling papers as students settled into their seats, ready for another day of classes. I adjusted my glasses, trying to focus on the material I had prepared for the lecture, but my thoughts kept drifting back to Mei and Jason. The kiss with Jason, the spit, the invitation to the cabin—it was all still so fresh, so new. A part of me was nervous, but another part was undeniably excited.

As the clock ticked closer to the start of class, the door at the back of the room swung open. I glanced up, and my breath caught in my throat. Mei walked in, her presence commanding the attention of everyone in the room.



She had always been beautiful, but today, she looked downright provocative. Mei was dressed in a short, pleated skirt that barely grazed mid-thigh, paired with a tight, white blouse that clung to her curves. The blouse was partially unbuttoned, revealing a hint of her small tits underneath,



and she wore knee-high socks that emphasized the length of her legs together with her heels. Her hair was tied up in two playful ponytails, and there was a mischievous glint in her eyes as she scanned the room, clearly aware of the effect she was having on boys and girls.

Behind her, Jason followed, looking as relaxed as ever in a pair of gray sweatpants and a fitted t-shirt that showed off his muscular build. He had a casual air about him, but his eyes were locked on Mei with an intensity that sent a shiver down my spine.



Mei walked down the aisle with a confidence that was almost hypnotic, each step deliberate, as if she was putting on a show. She reached her usual seat near the front, right in my line of sight, and slid into the chair, crossing her legs slowly. Jason sat beside her, his gaze flicking between Mei and me, a subtle smile playing on his lips.







I cleared my throat, trying to regain my composure. “Good morning, everyone. Today, we’ll be continuing our discussion on—”



My voice faltered as I saw Mei lean forward slightly in her seat, her skirt riding up just enough to reveal more of her smooth skin. She rested her chin on her hand, her eyes never leaving mine, a teasing smile tugging at the corners of her lips.



As I began the lecture, I could feel her eyes on me, an almost tangible heat between us. She was playing with the end of her ponytail, twirling it around her finger in a way that was both innocent and suggestive. Every time our eyes met, she would bite her lower lip, just enough to send a jolt of electricity through me.





“Professor,” she said, her voice soft but clear, interrupting my train of thought. “Could you go over that last point again? I’m afraid I got a little... distracted.”



The way she said “distracted” made it clear that she wasn’t talking about the lecture material. Her tone was playful, her eyes sparkling with mischief. I could feel the gaze of other students in the room, but none of them seemed to catch the undercurrent of tension that was now pulsing between us.





“Of course, Mei,” I replied, trying to keep my voice steady. I repeated the point, but my focus was fractured, my mind too preoccupied with the way she was looking at me—like she was daring me to lose control.



As I continued, Mei shifted in her seat, crossing and uncrossing her legs, drawing attention to the bare skin of her thighs. The movement was slow, deliberate, and it was impossible not to notice. I could see she was wearing a pair of white panties tiny with lace under her short skirt. My pulse quickened as I realized she was doing it on purpose, teasing me, knowing exactly the effect she was having.

Jason, who had been sitting quietly beside her, leaned back in his chair, stretching out his legs. His sweatpants clung to his powerful thighs, and he gave me a knowing look, one that told me he was fully aware of the game Mei was playing—and that he was in on it. They were the only students in their row and I was the only one seeing what they were doing. Jason now had his hand inside his pants stroking himself.

Mei spread her legs wider than ever before making her skirt ride up fully. She moved her tiny Asian hand down to her cunt and got my eye contact again. I shook my head a little as I pleaded with her not to do what I think she was about to do. But Mei looked over at Jason who just nodded with a grin.

She immediately started masturbating in class, rubbing her pussy first outside of her underwear and then pulling them to the side showing me her wet shaved pussy and started fingering herself. I of course completely lost control just pausing in my lecture and staring at her with an open mouth until another student cleared her throat looking at me with confused eyes.

On my smartwatch Jason texted me 'like what you see slut prof?'. We had exchanged numbers the day before with the promise that he was going to provide me with some challenges.'your first task is that you will exchange panties with her'.

Sure enough I saw Mei sitting down in my class starting to slide off her white panties and put them in her hand. When I let the students do some work on their own she walked forward with them clutched in her small hand and I had to quickly get them as she dropped them on my desk in front of me.





She stood there waiting for me and I sighed and sitting down reached under my skirt to take off my underwear discreetly. Hiding my purple thong in my hand I reached over to my student who accepted it. As she walked back I pretended to drop a pen on the floor to arrange her white panties and pull them up my legs. I was grateful I was behind a large teacher desk that hid most of the view.

Wearing them now I could feel Mei's panties were soaking wet and it was quite a sight to look across my desk and now Mei was masturbating instead wearing my purple thong with Jason still grinning beside her. How did I end up in this situation? I should probably tell the dean. But wouldn't Mei and Jason say I was the one who initiated the contact? How would I explain the photo of us kissing or that Mei was wearing my underwear now? No, I better play along. I was all just harmless fun anyway.



When the lecture finally ended, I let out a breath I hadn't realized I'd been holding. The students began to gather their things and file out of the room, but Mei and Jason stayed in their seats, waiting until the last of their classmates had left.

Once the room was empty, Mei stood up and started to undress. She was now nude in the classroom except for my thong and her heels. She slowly approached the podium, her hips swaying slightly with each step. Jason followed, leaning casually against one of the desks, his arms crossed, watching with an amused smile.

“Professor,” Mei said softly, her voice filled with that same playful tone. “I wanted to apologize for being such a distraction today. I just... i couldn't help myself.”

She was close now, so close I could smell the light floral scent of her perfume again. My heart pounded as she looked up at me, her eyes filled with a mixture of innocence and desire.

“There's no need to apologize,” I managed to say, though my voice was unsteady. “Just... try to focus more in class next time.” I tried my best to fail at staring at her small tits and hips. Both her nipples had small piercings.

“Oh, I will,” Mei replied, her smile widening as she leaned in, her lips brushing against my ear as she whispered, “But you'll have to focus too, Professor.” she took my hand putting it on her toned belly. It felt strange touching a girl almost half my age with her boyfriend watching us just behind her now.





“Y- you better put some clothes on before the next class gets here”. I looked over to the open door to the classroom and then back at the naked Mei who was now leaning forward slightly towards me.



“Oh mmmm yes oh god!” Mei was starting to moan as I realized Jason held her hips and had hid pants down by his ankles now slowly fucking his girlfriend from behind. “Yes you take my gick cock you little slut”.

“Oh no please not here, not now. My next class will be here any minute”. I was getting anxious but Jason just took up his left hand to check his smart watch. “We have another 30 minutes, which is plenty of time. You can stand by the door prof to make sure no one walks in before I finish.”



I walked away from the fucking young couple and heard how Mei enjoyed getting fucked harder and harder. I mused on that she really liked it rough as I stood and with one eye scanned the corridor and the other watching them fuck.



After finishing Jason pulled up his pants and got both their backpacks from their seats. Mei took my jacket without asking, covering most of her naked body and then walked out naked underneath giving me a kiss on my cheek as she walked by and away.

An hour later I walked to my office just to find it unlocked. Strangely, I usually remember to lock it. I walk in to find the most shocking sight of my life.





Tied naked on my desk was Mei on her back bent backwards with her small hands tied over her head. She was only wearing a gag in her mouth, her heels and still my purple panties with some kind of small vibrator inside. I could hear the buzzing and her moaning behind her gag. "Mhmmm mff mmm aaahh".

I walked over to her quickly closing the door behind me and pulled the gag out from her mouth. "Oh thank you professor oh god Jason left me here like this for such a long time almost an hour. I must have come already at least a dozen times. Please pull it out from me now."

I reached down pushing my underwear aside from her pussy and got my fingers super sticky from what I imagined was cum as I pulled the vibrating egg out from her shaved cunt. It must be controlled by an app or remote or something because I couldn't find any off button on the small pink device. I threw in my trash can that had some papers that muffled some of the sound.

Looking back at Mei's cunt still tied on my desk I could see it still twitching and dripping cum on my desk. Jason must have cum in her and then immediately pushed the vibrator and panties on before his sperm could come out.





“Oh god. Professor he fucked me hard, cummed and then tied me here. Jason said he put the keys in your bottom desk drawer. But you can’t unlock me yet. Jason told me I am not allowed to leave or get dressed until I make you lick every drop of cum from my cunt.”



"Oh no did he?". I walked up to Mei and got between her slim legs and put my hands on the inside of her thighs. She couldn't stop me now, not that she wanted me to stop.



Bending now and first kissing just next to her pussy gently I gave her kisses closer and closer eventually kissing her cunt more and more passionately. I savored the taste and used more and more of my tongue all over her pussy making her moan again.





“Oh god professor, that feels so good. Have you ever licked pussy before? Oh yes just like that, that is the perfect spot. Make sure you got everything please. Just a little more it feels so good.” I had to admit it was very exciting and fun to kiss a girl between her legs.



Mei seemed satisfied and I opened my drawer to the desk and there sure enough was a small key that could unlock the cuffs around Mei's wrists. Watching her get dressed I took the time to ask her some questions in my mind.



“Does Jason make you do... many things, Mei?” She paused and turned to me smiling.



“He told me you would be curious. Nothing to be ashamed of, professor. It was scary at first but now it is unimaginably exciting. I just can’t get enough. But yes he really knows how to push me



to my extreme. Many times it is him but often he lends me out to his friends. Or maybe just guys on his team. I think they exchange girlfriends sometimes and sometimes they fuck us together. Last night I was with six different guys, some of them I think even paid Jason to be with me.”



“They- they pay to fuck you?” I couldn’t believe this naive girl.



“As I said I don’t mind, it is just fun and I love to have some carefree fun.” Mei checked her phone. “Jason just texted me, he and a friend will pick us two up with his bus to have you do something special tonight”.



“Okay I can be fun too. Let’s see what games they have planned for us.”





An hour later and the evening sky was beginning to fade into twilight as Mei and I waited outside the campus gates. The cool breeze carried with it a sense of anticipation, as Mei had hinted that I was going to give a special lecture to special guests. Mei stood beside me and got me to borrow some of her clothes that almost made us look like the same age young students in a short jeans skirt and red top.



"I still can't believe we agreed to this," I said with a laugh, glancing at her. "But I think it's going to be a lot of fun."



Mei grinned. “It’s all about making the experience memorable, right? Plus, I think Jason and his friend are going to get a kick out of surprising us with their transportation.”

As if on cue, the sound of a small bus’s engine roared down the street. Moments later, Jason and his friend, Mark, pulled up in an old, slightly beat-up minibus that looked like it had seen its fair share of adventures. The bus had a certain charm, with its worn paint and slightly squeaky doors. But what caught my eye immediately was the interior, which was visible through the wide windows.

As the doors opened with a creak, we were greeted with the sight of Jason and Mark, both sporting wide grins. “Hey there pretty girls!” Jason called out, leaning out from the driver’s window. “Wanna come for a ride?”

“Nice ride,” Mei said, her eyes sparkling with amusement as she peered inside. “You guys really went all out, didn’t you?”

Mark laughed, holding the door open for us. “It’s got character, right? Come on in—there’s something you’ve got to see.”

Curiosity piqued, I followed Mei as we climbed into the bus. The interior was... unique, to say the least. The ceiling and walls were covered in scribbles and graffiti, all written in various shades of bright marker. At first glance, it looked like the kind of art you'd find in a high school notebook, but then I noticed the names. Everywhere—on the ceiling, the walls, even the back of the seats—there were girls' names scrawled in every direction.

Mei raised an eyebrow, looking around with a bemused smile. "So, what's with the names?"

Jason chuckled as he slid back into the driver's seat. "Oh, those? That's our 'Wall of Fame.' Every girl who's ever taken a ride in this bus has left her mark. It's sort of a tradition."

Mei and I exchanged amused glances, and I could tell she was thinking the same thing I was—this was going to be one interesting ride.

"Alright," Mei said with a playful grin. "Guess it's time for us to leave our mark too."

With that, the bus rumbled to life, and we were off, bouncing along the streets in what could only be described as the most eclectic ride I'd ever been in. The energy in the bus was light and fun, with Jason and Mark cracking racist jokes and keeping the conversation lively. Mei and I were enjoying the banter, the unusual atmosphere making the ride all the more entertaining.

As we cruised through the city, the bus's quirky interior became the backdrop for a stream of lighthearted conversation. We talked about everything from the lecture to different racial Asian stereotypes, with Jason and Mark sharing stories of the various adventures they'd had with the bus and its many passengers.

As we were driving down more unfamiliar streets I had never seen before and the sun going down, Mark pulled out a small video camera from his backpack, his expression one of playful excitement. He adjusted the lens, testing the zoom and focus as Jason navigated the last few turns.



“Check this out,” Mark said, grinning as he pointed the camera at us. “I just got this new cam. Figured I’d document our epic journey. You know, for posterity.”

Mei raised an eyebrow, but she was smiling. “So, we’re the stars of your latest home movie?”

“Absolutely,” Mark replied, aiming the camera at Mei and then at me. “You two look great, by the way. Where are you from again? Chinese, right? Or are you Korean? I always get those mixed up.”

Jason let out a laugh from the driver’s seat, shaking his head. “Mark, come on, man. You’ve got to get your facts straight.”

Mei chuckled, deciding to play along. “Well, considering my name is Mei and I’ve mentioned being from Beijing about a dozen times, I’d say Chinese is a pretty safe bet.”



Mark nodded, still pointing the camera at us. "Right, right. Chinese. Got it. So, do you two eat a lot of rice? Take your tops off. I want to see your Korean tits."

I glanced at Mei, who gave a small, knowing smile before turning back to Mark. "As I said, we are not Korean. Rice is a staple, sure, but it's not like we're eating it with every meal. Just like not every American lives on burgers and fries." Mei took off her top as she sat down half naked on the carpet on the floor of the moving bus. I also took my top off sitting in the back with Mark. Mark pulled down his pants stroking an impossibly long white cock.

"Okay but you give head right. I have 10 dollars here. All Thai girls love money and sucking cock." Mark smirked as Mei just sighed and crawled over to his lap putting his cock in her mouth.

Jason chimed in from the front as we approached a seedy industrial area. "Speaking of food, I'm starving. How about a pit stop? I know a great Chinese fast food place just around the corner."

Mei's eyes lit up while still giving head, and I couldn't help but smile. "That sounds perfect," I said. "A little fuel before the big lecture."



“Sounds good to me,” Mark added, still holding the camera as Jason turned the bus toward the drive-through.

A few minutes later Mei was naked getting hammered from behind, we pulled up to the dimly lit drive-through of a popular Chinese fast food chain. The menu was flickering in the light of a nearby broken street lamp, filled with options like fried rice, lo mein, and egg rolls.

Jason leaned out of the window to place the order. Mark hushed us to quiet Mei moaning but didn’t stop fucking her. “Hey quiet, you don’t want your cousins to look into the bus and see you take white cock in your rear right?!” Mark spanked Mei who protested half-heartedly but didn’t try to stop him.



“Alright, what’ll it be?” a young Asian nerdy boy asked through the small window, looking back at us. I prayed the windows were tinted black enough.





Mei and I scanned the menu quickly. "I'll take the lo mein," Mei said, trying to keep her voice steady and grasping at the carpet floor. "And maybe some egg rolls."

"I'll have the same," I added, my stomach rumbling in anticipation.



Jason told the guy to keep his eyes on him and relayed the order, and we waited as the smells of cooking noodles wafted through the air. As the food was handed through the window, Mark, still recording, turned the camera on us again.



"Alright, ladies, what will the verdict be? Is this real Chinese food, or just a Westernized version?" He was currently as much inside Mei's behind as he could talking casually like he wasn't just fucking her. Staying inside her and keeping his balance he reached forward to Mei's head with her small body on all four on the carpet and face down on the ground. "Hey get the food closer to her".





I pushed the box closer to my naked student. "Oh man are you really gonna make her do it?!" Jason was watching the poor girl in the rear view mirror while driving down yet another empty street. Mei sighed again as she got up on her elbows and opened her container of lo mein, eating it from the floor. "It's definitely not what you'd find back home, but it hits the spot."



I nodded in agreement, taking a bite of the noodles. "Sometimes, you just need something quick and tasty. It's not authentic, but it's fun." We kept on talking while Mark was fucking us again. It was quite the sight to see the little Asian girl eating Chinese while getting fucked and being called racial slurs.

Fortunately Mark came before Mei had finished her food and as we settled into the back of the bus, the food containers balanced on our laps, Mei leaned over to me with a mischievous smile. "You know, this is probably the first time I've had Chinese fast food in a bus."

I laughed, wiping a bit of sauce from my lip. "Same here. But I think it's a pretty good way to start the night." Mark, still holding the camera, captured the moment as we shared a quick,



playful kiss. “Now that’s what I call dinner and a show,” he joked, zooming in on our smiling faces.



Jason pulled into a smaller side road and stopped suddenly in a dark area between two buildings. “Hey, time to throw out the trash. Girls, could you get out and bring the containers, I think I see two dumpsters over there.” Mark pointed to the side of the bus.

When we tried to point out that we had no clothes on completely naked he insisted and told us to hurry up there were probably no people out anyway.

It felt strange stepping out naked from the van with the cold evening air hitting my skin. I tried getting as many of the styrofoam boxes as possible balancing them against my chest and waited for Mei to step out with the last of the Chinese fast food trash. The dumpsters were just a few steps away from the bus and it was blocking the view from most of the street anyway.

But just as I had thrown the trash and held up the lid for Mei to do the same I could hear Jason and Mark laughing and the engine starting. Before we could turn around Jason had sped away with Mark leaning out recording our reaction. Mei instinctively grabbed some spring rolls and threw them after the van which made the guys laugh even more.

They stopped a little down the street and we cursed them and then got closer trying to hide her naked bodies with our hands as much as we could. Just when we reached the bus they had locked the doors and just drove further away again.

“Hey guys! Please open the door! You have had your fun!”. They did that maybe two three times and then finally let us back inside.

“Haha I just loved it when you threw that dumpling at us! I also know some Japanese! Ching chong ching chong!! Isn’t my Chinese perfect?! Hahahaha!!” We couldn’t help but laugh with Mark as he made his funny racist noises and made his eyes wider with his fingers even though I knew it was offensive and wrong but still very funny.

Half an hour later still naked in their van they told me to get ready for the so-called surprise lecture they wanted me to have. They took a sweater from the van and tied it over my eyes for an improvised blindfold. It was a pitch dark night outside.

They had told me to improvise the topic of the economic impact of the sex trade in Asia, specifically focusing on Thailand. But they hadn’t said where I was going to present or who my students would be. I expected Mark and Jason would be two of them, but who else?



I felt Mei help me get dressed first by putting on some small underwear and later what felt like a pair of shorts and a small top. She even applied lipstick for me with my eyes still blindfolded. I could hear Mei also getting dressed and soon we stopped and I was led outside.

The night air was still warm and we must have been in a very empty area during the night because I could not hear any sounds except distant traffic. I was thankful for Mei escorting me because it was difficult to walk in heels blindfolded. Up two stairs and open a door and we stopped. This must be the room where I would have my lecture. Mei reached out and helped me remove the blindfold.

I was in my old classroom! The very familiar room was immediately shattered by the very shocking sight of my new students. Sitting spread out across the classroom was maybe 7 or 8 white boys completely naked except for bunny masks covering their face slowly stroking their long hard cocks. I noticed they must have been selected both for size and stamina.

“Oh this is... so bad.” I look down at myself and realize I am dressed in modern Thai-inspired bar girl outfit: a sexy cheap bra and tiny high-waisted shorts, paired with sleek heels. I had



never been in class with my belly and back naked. The sexy attire was meant to help the students connect visually with the cultural context we were discussing. Or in other words, I was expected to lecture about sex trade in Thailand dressed as a Thai hooker.



“Oh god I can’t do this, this is just too much”. I just couldn’t take my eyes off my anonymous students still stroking their cocks grinning at me. I just now noticed Mei walking up to me, she was unfortunately dressed even less than me.





“Sure you can professor. Start your lecture”. Mei was dressed in just a tiny black g-string, golden heels and a black bra that didn’t actually cover her small tits but just framed them. “If you don’t teach the guys have instructed me to discipline you until you do, I am sure you don’t want that.” Mei pointed to some handcuffs and a whip on my teacher’s desk. I swallowed hard and went to my laptop.

The guys had generated some AI presentation with the slides and relevant text on sex trade in Thailand and I could start my lecture telling them where on the world map Thailand is. I tried to ignore Lulu who deliberately shook her ass when she turned around to point at the map. The guys cheered her on.

After everyone had settled in, Jason stood up with a grin and pulled a large bag from under his chair. “We thought the lecture might be even more memorable if we added something special,” he said, his eyes twinkling with excitement. From the bag, he pulled out two traditional rice straw hats, the kind often worn by workers in Southeast Asia. I recognized Jason’s voice even behind his mask. I also recognized his cock.

I raised an eyebrow, intrigued. “Rice straw hats?” I asked, curious as to how he planned to incorporate them into our discussion.

“Yeah,” Jason said, smiling as he handed out the hats to me and Lulu. “We figured it would help us get into the spirit of things. Plus, it’s a big part of the culture we’re learning about, right? We thought you could wear them during the lecture, maybe even do a little dance at the end to celebrate what we’ve learned.”

Mei and I exchanged a glance, both of us amused by the idea. It was clear that the students were eager to engage with the material in a creative way, and we wanted to encourage that enthusiasm.

“I like the idea,” Mei said, her smile warm and encouraging. “The hats are a great touch—they’re not just fun, they’re also a symbol of the hard work and resilience of the people we’re studying. If you want to wear them during the lecture, I think that would be a fitting way to honor the culture.”

I nodded in agreement. “Absolutely. And maybe we can do something a little different at the end of the lecture. Instead of a dance, how about we incorporate a traditional Thai greeting or gesture? It would be a respectful way to conclude the session, and it ties back to the cultural elements we’ve been discussing.”

As the lecture began, I noticed how the addition of the hats seemed to shift the energy in the room. The students were more engaged, more connected to the topic at hand. I started by explaining the historical and economic forces that shaped the sex trade in Thailand, while Mei added her insights about the social and cultural impact. The hats served as a constant reminder of the region we were discussing, grounding the conversation in a tangible representation of the culture.

The lecture was interactive, with Mei and I encouraging the students to think critically about the information presented. We discussed the ethical implications of the industry, the role of tourism, and the efforts being made to combat exploitation. Throughout it all, the hats became a symbol of the cultural immersion we were striving for—a way to bring the lessons closer to home.

Lulu got closer and closer to me as I continued. At first I didn’t think much about it. She just walked past me stroking my naked back but soon she started giving me kisses and slapping my behind as she sneaked up behind me. “Please don’t do that”.

“Don’t be so tense, professor, give your students what they want.” Lulu had her hand on my back and with one swift motion she unclasped my bra and threw it to my audience before I could grab it. Looking back at her I saw that she also had removed her bra somehow and we were now two half naked Asian girls in a room filled with horny white guys. Lulu grabbed by tits receiving another round of cheers from the naked students.

“Please, you are making them all very excited.” I felt my eyes lose focus as I also started to get incredibly horny.

“Seems they are not the only ones getting excited.” Mei was behind me massaging my tits from behind. Suddenly I realized that I wasn’t wearing my shorts any more. How did she pull them off



without me noticing?! I tried turning to look for them but Mei grabbed me, pulling me back. “No, stay and continue your notes.”

I really tried my best but of course getting excited and teased by us for so long one of the guys soon got up and started fucking Mei bent over my desk. This made me completely lose my focus as I just stared at my TA getting railed I didn't hear another bunny get behind me, grab my hips and start to fuck me.

I don't know if any of you work as a professor but getting double fucked in your own classroom is quite the experience I can tell you. They didn't even ever take off their bunny masks so to this day I still don't know who of my students fucked me and whenever someone in class laughs at me I don't know if I said something funny to them or they just imagined me naked. And the time in the cabin with Jason and Mei is for another story.





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